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## A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

WHAT a great deal of pleasure is enjoyed every day by thousands of people who are nevertheless unaware that it is pleasure at all! It is a great mistake to think that only is pleasure which costs much money or great pains-taking. Pleasure is an every-day thing; it lies within ourselves, and round about us, if we would but stoop to gather it; for the truest happiness is made up of the simplest elements. For example, a stroll in the country, an unambitious evening spent with unpretending people, cheap every-day things as these are, often furnish us with delicious recollections for years. Thank God, there is no man so humble, but if he have a common share of intelligence, he may find pleasure even among furze-bushes. I will describe a day spent in the country, which is vivid in my own recollection, as a practical illustration of my assertion.

We were in the country—not the country of many Londoners, who call a provincial town containing perhaps a hundred thousand inhabitants, country; but real, unmanufacturing, unrailroad-traversed, corn-growing, cattle-feeding, cheese-and-butter-making country, ten miles at least from any town, and in the very heart of a rural district. Our abode, too, to make it more complete, was in a farm-house—not a large farming establishment either, where a thousand acres or more are in the hands of one man, who bears the style and title of esquire, drives his curricule, and rides a-hunting. No, our farmer and his abode were of the old fashion—a jolly comfortable man was he, no whit above his calling, and with a wife his counterpart in all things, whom he always designated as his "missis." The farm-house itself was a clean-windowed, fresh-painted, well-conditioned abode, but where, it must be confessed, the hall-door was mostly barred and bolted, and the clean, white, and smartly-fringed blinds of the best parlour only drawn up when guests were there, or on Sundays, when guests might be expected. It was too busy a place—there was too much milking and churning, cheese making and pressing, for people to have much time to walk in and out of front doors, or to sit in best parlours with blinds up; yet, nevertheless, it was a cheerful place; and the ease and regularity with which even labourers' work was done, insensibly filled the mind with agreeable ideas of industry and success.

Nor was the garden of the farm-house a despicable one, with its neat gravel-walks and well-mown grass plot, with its thrift-edged borders full of old-fashioned flowers, pinks, sweet-williams, lychnises, hollyhocks, cabbage-roses, and white lilacs; and at the end of a long straight walk, which divided the garden into two equal parts, its deep and shady arbour, on each side of which grew a white rose tree, not bush, in full flower. A cool and pleasant place was this arbour, with its rude bench and paved floor, its soft, subdued light, its twittering of birds, and the never-ceasing hum of bees and insects, that found food or amusement among the leafy, lopped, and twisted branches of the stunted lime-trees that formed its sides and roof. A pleasant place this for the farmer's fair daughter to be wooed in, or for the farmer to smoke a pipe or read his weekly paper in; only that farmers, good honest men, prefer a chimney corner, and an armed chair, to take their indulgences in; and the arbour, after all the pains that are taken with it, is a piece of state, a thing to be looked at and admired rather than used, unless, indeed, by occasional guests like ourselves, who sat in its quiet shade for hours, reading of *Rosalind* and the forest of *Arden*, and all the sweet and grotesque fantasies of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, till the formal arbour, and the farmer's garden, became all one rich world of poetry.

The house itself was a large and rather rambling one, with wainscoted rooms and great bow-windows, and long stone-floored passages with a step up or a step down at every door to which they led. The best parlour

was painted white and blue, and was carpeted with green and red. It was furnished with a profusion of tables, chairs, and commodious chintz-covered sofas, well cushioned, and large enough in all conscience for beds. There were prints and paintings, suspended by red ribbon, on the walls—the great Durham ox, the famous Leicestershire ram, and a Lord Somebody, a once popular member for the county; and portraits of the farmer and the farmer's wife, done in oil by some provincial artist thirty years since—he in his blue coat, pink-striped waistcoat, and best frilled shirt; she in a lilac silk gown, short-waisted and tight-skirted, with a habit-shirt and lace-cap, adorned with bows and puffings of green ribbon. Wonderful likenesses were these, as the artist had protested; wonderful, as the loving pair had tried to persuade themselves, spite of the eyes that squinted, the brick-dust complexions, and the stiff hands of a ghostly whiteness: wonderful likenesses, of a truth, hung up in heavy gilt frames, defended from the flies by yellow gauze, and ornamented at the top with peacocks' feathers. Nor must the "chimney furniter," as the good farmer called it, be forgotten—the Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy smiling properly in dainty china; the ewe and two lambs under a pink hawthorn tree, with a companion-pair of goats browsing; a yellow rose-bush, and, as a centre-piece, Sterne's Maria, with her pipe, dog, and blue ribbon.

Such was the best parlour; but then the best bedroom! Who knows not the fresh, clean luxury of the farmer's best bed-room, knows not a good thing! First, then, is the clean green paper on the walls—green it must be, for country folk have a great penchant for green walls; perhaps they think they contrast well with ruddy complexions. Then the white and well-fringed dimity curtains; the old-fashioned bed, with the white hangings to match; the mahogany posts rubbed bright, and black as ebony; the two feather-beds filled to the most elastic softness by the farmer's wife, with the primest feathers of her primest geese, and the full complement of down pillows; then there are the delicately lavendered sheets, and the spotlessly white counterpane, ten to one, of some antique fabric! Through the half-closed curtains of such a bed one may lie at one's ease, and see the old-fashioned heavy chairs, with their dimity-covered seats; the nice little well-appointed dressing-table, with its tall dressing-glass; the old walnut-tree wardrobe, as bright as glass, yet guiltless of French polish; and the white-painted mantelpiece crammed with old china, shells, imitation cottages, and pasteboard spill-stands, out of which droop bundles of feathers and quaking grass, lavender and yellow everlasting.

Such is the farmer's best bed-room, and such, for the time being, was ours. The reader, I am persuaded, will believe that a sojourn in such a house, taking more-over into account abundance of good fare, and the most cordial welcome, at the beginning of a remarkably fine July, was no unpleasant thing. We came abroad for enjoyment, and enjoyment we found. If we had our own particular cares and anxieties—as who has not!—for that time at least we left them behind; and to show in how great measure pleasure is dependent on ourselves only, and how it is scattered, as it were, at our very feet, I will give one day as a specimen of several.

At breakfast we began to consider how the day was to be spent. One of us had had an ungratified desire for ten years to visit the little neighbouring village of Winston. Winston! every body had exclaimed for ten years, and what is to be seen at Winston! It was averred to be a place to which nobody ever went, from which nobody ever came; it was a world in itself; it was the very world's end; there was no road through it; it was famous for nothing. On this present occasion the farmer argued that it had no market, and the farmer's wife that it had no shop. What could be our inducement to go to Winston! "But it has a hall," we suggested. "Yes," was the reply, "a hall known there as 'Winston-oud-ha'; but it has not even the

dignity of being in ruins, and the squire's family has not been there for twenty years." Well, it must be haunted, then, and at all events a ghost story was worth going five miles for. No, no; they did not believe there was even a ghost—the Winston people were hardly sharp enough to see ghosts. Thus at Winston there was nothing to be seen; it was a place only to be described in negatives. A spirit of contradiction grew strong within us, and we determined to see the place in which nothing was to be seen. At all events, there was sunshine, the delicious air of a July day, and leafy trees and green fields, at Winston. The good farmer, hopeless in our pertinacity, quietly demurred to himself as to whether we should even find these things. The pony, however, was saddled, and the two children mounted upon it, for we determined they should go with us; and in very picturesque style, like Joseph and Mary journeying on to Egypt, we set off. The last words of the farmer, "You'd better take the road to Eaton-basset, the first turn to the right," sounded in our ears as we turned into the highway; but we disregarded his monition, and took the little green lane to the left, that led us towards Winston.

We went on for some time through this deep lane, and then by a bridle-road through farm-fields, where cows were grouped together as in pictures, presenting, as those animals always do in summer, the completest images of quadruped luxury which the country affords. You cannot see horses, not even a mare and her foal, without a sense of the labour to which they are doomed. A flock of sheep is beautiful, especially when lambs are amongst them; but sheep and lambs instinctively remind one of mint sauce and boiled turnips, and the pastures on which they feed have a dry, barren-looking herbage. Very different is it in the abounding richness of a dairy-farm; their luxurious fare is a proverb—they live in clover—they rise up and they lie down in the very fatness of the land. When we see them, it is not to think of horse-radish and oyster-sauce, of mustard and shalots, but of rich cream and curds, of syllabubs and custards; the very creatures themselves, as they stroll leisurely along, or lie in the deep grass chewing their cuds, seem as if they blessed themselves that they had no burdens to bear, as if they themselves revelled in their own cream and butter.

Leaving these abundant fields, we came to the summit of the ridge that had hitherto bounded our prospect; and here we found a silent spot—a little field of graves. A small chapel stood at one end of it, and a few weather-beaten tall elm-trees marked it out conspicuously to the country round. It was a singularly lonesome spot; a meeting-house and burial-ground, as we found, of the Society of Friends—one established in the very early times of the society, where George Fox and many of the "ancient worthies" of that singular people had preached, and drawn together a little flock, as it were, in the wilderness, and where their descendants still assembled for their silent worship, and to bury their dead. From this spot we looked into a small rich valley crowded with wood, and with here and there an old-fashioned greystone farm-house, lying "warm and low," the picture of rural seclusion. In the centre of the valley, from the very bosom of woodiness, rose the low grey tower of the church of Winston, the village itself from that point being quite hidden. An exclamation of delighted surprise burst from us, "How beautiful, how quiet! The very place for the home of a rural poet!"

Our path was again by a deep country lane, with high green banks, and overshadowed by full-grown hedgerow timber, and adorned with a profusion of wild roses and honeysuckles. It was impossible to pass such a display of flowers without possessing ourselves of many, and, literally, in the words of Solomon, "we garlanded ourselves with roses, and let no flower of the summer pass by us." Lower and lower we descended by this woodland path, and still the nearer we approached the village, the more secluded and apparently less trodden it

appeared. It seemed true, what they told, that nobody came or went to Winston—that it was a world within itself. We thought of it in its deep retiredness, lying thus, winter and summer, completely out of the track of busy life; and then we thought of noisy crowded towns, to which fifty roads point as to a centre, all astir with the activity of commerce or pleasure, and of the bustling, struggling, suffering, and impatient thousands who congregate together, and call themselves society. What a contrast!

We came at length to the level of the valley, and to within a field's breadth of the church. A path wound through the field, a pleasant "church-going road," by the side of the little valley stream, whose margin was bordered by a thick luxuriant growth of water-plants, and presently brought us, by a short cut, to a gate, overshadowed with lime-trees, in the churchyard wall. We tied the pony to the gate, and then entered, as is the wont of all tourists and rural perambulators whatsoever, upon the domains of the dead, to gain from their memorials some idea of the living. The common run of epitaphs seemed to have found their way to Winston, whatever way they might have travelled. One particular in the inscriptions, however, we soon remarked—the extraordinary number of aged persons whose deaths they recorded; it seemed as if these out-of-the-world people were blessed with a primitive longevity. To the tenant of one grave, it was stated that "Death had come as a thief in the night;" yet it was recorded that he had attained the age of eighty-seven! Another, who was a musician, was said to have had "his sublimity destiny cut short" at the age of ninety-three! A stone mason and his two wives, with all their numerous virtues, lay under one stone, and the youngest of the three was seventy-five! While we were remarking this singular fact of longevity, another struck us: there seemed to be but four or five names in the whole churchyard; evidently the people of Winston had all sprung from the few original inhabitants, and they had married and intermarried among themselves. It was not without reason that Winston was said to be a world of itself.

As there was a hall in the village, of course there was a monument in the church. It was a rare piece of sculpture. A knight and his lady in the full court dress of Queen Elizabeth's days, in kneeling attitudes, with upturned eyes and open prayer-books in their hands, all coloured to the life, with red cheeks and lips, both knight and dame seeming in the full floridity of health and strength; probably a practical comment on the text inscribed at their feet, "In the midst of life we are in death." Both these dignified persons' ages, however, like those of their humble neighbours outside, seemed more aptly to illustrate another text inscribed also below, "They were as sheaves of corn fully ripe," for he was eighty-nine, and she seventy-nine!—Sir John Winston of Winston, and Dame Penelope his wife. The tomb was said to have been erected by "their dutiful and loving son, Sir Christopher, in memory of their many virtues, and his irreparable loss. Sir Christopher," it said, "survived the building of this tomb only three years, and himself was interred therein." Sir Christopher was the last of the Winstons. His only child, a daughter, married one Oliver Charteris, Esq., and in a branch of the same family the estate still continues.

Having seen this tomb of the worshipful knight and his lady, and of the dutiful Sir Christopher, their loving son, we were next desirous of seeing the house of their living greatness. "Winston-oud-ha!" for so it was called, though we could find no new one from which it was thus to be distinguished, stood conspicuously in the village, and with one side adjoining the churchyard. It was an old brick building, extremely tall, with numerous gables and well-grouped massive chimneys. We passed between the pillars of its ancient gateway, for the gate itself had long been gone, and found a wilderness of rubbish and rude erections in its courtyard. Cart-hovels were raised against the walls; old ploughs, broken gates, and incapacitated wheels, together with useless timber and old straw, lay scattered about in the most desolate confusion. The flight of stone steps which led to the principal entrance was broken, and the large door was weather-beaten, and apparently kept together by such rude carpentry as the occupant himself could render. The whole of this front seemed disused, for the windows were fastened up in a great variety of ways. In its present estate, this evidently was the back of the house. As we saw not a single human being about, we made a complete circuit of the place, menaced on all sides by dogs, great and small. The inhabitants, as we were told by an old woman in an adjoining cottage, were all engaged in the harvest fields, and the house locked up. We inquired of its interior, but could gain no information; like all that appertained to Winston, it was told in negatives. "There was nothing to be seen," she said; "it was a great gawson place; but, indeed, nobody ever went into the big rooms; the steward had the keys, and nobody now-a-days went into them." After this we walked through all that remained of a once large garden, which was now scarcely more than a wilderness of weeds, and then turned from "Winston-oud-ha!" with somewhat dissatisfied minds. At Winston they told us truly that there was nothing to see, and they might have added also, nobody to see; for such was the fact on this day, the whole population having apparently deserted their dwellings for the harvest field.

Very much amused by having had the nonentity of Winston so fully realised, we wandered again up the pleasant lane by which we had descended, and before long

found that the full splendour of evening was covering every little western hill with a flood of glorious light. From the woody ridge, where the little chapel stood, we took another road, in order to diversify our return, and soon found ourselves in a mid region of beauty. We passed down woody dells, across little swift-running, shadowy streams, and then suddenly came into a sunny field, like an island amid the wood, where haymakers were busily and merrily at work. "Sunny were they all and warm," seeming all health and cheerfulness; a beautiful picture of what one loves to fancy the English peasantry. The whole field was a perfect bit of Arcadia, with its tall hawthorn hedge, its row of old crab-trees, its background of wood, and, beyond, distant peeps over a sunny landscape. But the field itself was the finest picture; there was a stout jovial dame, an English farm-mess, overlooking her men and maidens at their work. Groups of these were well arranged in every variety of attitude and costume; and here and there were the waggons with all their animation—the call to the team—the team itself, and the busy people all about it. And among them all, the only person unemployed, walked this Arcadian woman, overlooking with a gracious and satisfied mien, the labours of her numerous dependents. It might be seen in a moment that the season had been propitious, that the abundance of the fields was secured, that she was in that gracious state when she could afford to be bountiful, and that who had gone to her then had gone in a good time.

A succession of like scenery brought us at length to the termination of our ramble. By this time the sun had set, the moon had come up, and the dews had fallen heavily. So closed a day of pleasure—a day of cheap pleasure—such as may rise upon any one who has but the heart to enjoy it.

#### SYMONS'S "ARTS AND ARTIZANS AT HOME AND ABROAD."

SECOND AND CONCLUDING NOTICE.

THE particulars given in last number of wages and prices of provisions on the continent, will have enabled many of our readers to draw conclusions as to the condition of foreign workmen in comparison with the state of our own industrious classes. Such conclusions, however, cannot be so correct as those drawn by Mr Symons, which we now proceed to give in his own words.

"As the amount of commodities purchasable with the same sum of money on the continent is much greater than the amount purchasable with it in England, various calculations have been made of the proportionate difference; but as this amount of commodities differs not only between countries, but between towns and districts in the same countries, I regard as of very little use any statement of one general measure of a difference, which I have found to vary with the price of food, the fluctuations of markets, the inequality of seasons, and the political circumstances of the countries, from a difference of 5 per cent. to a difference of 100 per cent. It is necessary to specify the place in each country, and the time at which the comparison is to be made, in order to arrive at anything like a correct ratio of the proportionate value of the same sum at those places. As a general proportion (subject, however, to large variations), we may perhaps assume that in Switzerland 1s. will go as far for a working-man as 1s. 3d. here; in France, Belgium, Rhenish Prussia, as far as 1s. 4d. here; in Austria and many parts of Prussia, as far as 1s. 5d. here; and in Wurtemberg, parts of Austria, some of the Duchies, and Bohemia, as far as 1s. 8d. or 1s. 10d. here; always comparing towns with towns, and country with country; agricultural with agricultural districts, and manufacturing with manufacturing districts. Hereafter, of course, in using the term wages, I mean *real* wages, that is, *amount of commodities purchasable with the money.*

It will be seen that one of the most salient features of difference between home and continental wages, consists in the fact, that, whilst very great disparity exists between the rates of payment in the different departments of labour at home, an uniformity prevails abroad, varied alone by the variations of skill required, and by the local demand for and supply of labour. It will be further observed, that the branches of industry which are higher paid with us than abroad, such as spinners, tailors, &c., are precisely those which are in combination among us; and that those, such as hand-loom weavers, &c., who are worse paid here than abroad, are those who have no combinations, at least none effective in maintaining the rate of wages. To this fact I shall recur hereafter; for to the absence of combinations abroad, I entirely attribute the uniformity of foreign wages. Taking a general view of the comparative pecuniary condition of the working-classes on the continent and at home, I have no hesitation in saying, even after the difference in value of money is taken fully into account, that the working-classes of England in the aggregate are at least by one-sixth better off than the working-classes of the continent. Of course, this statement is subject to very considerable exceptions, which I shall endeavour to specify; but as a general statement I make it with confidence.

The factory work-people are decidedly the best paid in England, in comparison with the same class abroad. The wages in the Lancashire factories average, as I have stated, 10s. 6d. per week per head. Those in France, Switzerland, Austria, and Belgium, vary from 6 francs to 9 francs, averaging 7 francs 50 cents, equal to 6s. 3d. 1/2—a sum which will, in the districts in question, be equivalent, in exchangeable or real value, to

8s. 4d.; so that cotton factory work-people of Lancashire have 26 per cent., or a quarter more wages than the same class abroad. The disparity is *less* in all other branches of industry; and the difference, with scarcely an exception, will be found to *decrease* in each branch of industry, in the same proportion in which that branch is unfortified by combinations at home; the journey-men carpenters, tailors, and shoemakers, differing in a lesser degree, the agricultural wages differing very little, and the hand-loom weavers being somewhat higher abroad.

The price of corn, and therefore of the chief articles of food, in France and Belgium, is, for instance, to the price in England as 3 is to 4, or as nearly so during a course of years as possible. Taking this as a ground-work, I have sketched the following proportion between real wages, in the chief divisions of industry in the two countries:—

Classes of Labourers.	In France and Belgium, average Weekly Wages.	In England, average Weekly Wages.	Difference in favour of England, after adding one-third for greater cost of food.
1st Class of Mechanics,	fr. cent. 15 0 = 12s. 6d.	20s.	3s. 4d.
2d do. do.	10 80 = 9s.	14s.	2s.
Farm Labourers,	7 80 = 6s. 6d.	10s.	1s. 4d.
Spinning Factory do. men, women, and children,	7 50 = 6s. 3d.	10s. 6d.	2s. 2d.

In Switzerland, the paradise of the labouring classes, where the father of almost every family is a proprietor of land, the condition of the working-classes cannot be tested by wages, and their high physical as well as moral eminence places them far above the standard of comparison with any other people of Europe. In France, wages, I consider, are, generally speaking, as low if not lower than in most countries; and the people live in a state of discomfort, which I have not seen surpassed, except in portions of the most impoverished parts of Austria and Wurtemberg.

The comfort of the cottages in England is not equalled abroad, Switzerland excepted. In Belgium there is more cleanliness than in France; the pigs and poultry have not the same prescriptive right to inhabit the bedrooms, which they possess by immemorial usage in most other countries. In Austria the physical comfort of the working-classes is a little superior to that of the French. I have compared these countries with England, in distinction from Scotland, where I found every thing, as regards the country especially, so closely resembling the scenes, practices, and manners of the continent, especially Germany, that I regard it in these respects on a par with Prussia.

In immediate connection with this instructive passage, we may quote what Mr Symons says as to the degrees of contentment manifested by the working-classes of various countries with their condition. "It requires," says he, "but a glance at the turbid discontent of one large portion of our industrial populace, and at the sullen misery of another, to perceive that there is a gangrene of perilous character corroding the vitals of the people. Extend your glance abroad, and the contrast strikes you still more appallingly. The artizans of the continent are, as a body, serene and contented. With less of the means of subsistence, they are neither restless nor wretched. Instances there are of exceeding poverty; but they are more cheerful, and less prone to excitement; the Austrians eminently so. The French, although excitable, are, for the most part, contented. The Belgians are morose, but plodding, and absorbed by their desire for money. The Swiss are by far the most enlightened, the happiest, and the most contented."

How, it may be asked, is this? Primarily, our author attributes it in a great measure to the superior education of the people of Switzerland. In the latter portion of his book, he devotes much space to the illustration of the happy condition of this country—the country which, according to him, "presents the only perfect specimen of prosperity of any nation in the world—one which we cannot too deeply study." "I attach," says he, "great weight to the frugal habits and to the moral restraint of the Swiss people as causes of their signal welfare. I attribute their diligence and skill to their virtue and to their intelligence. I attribute the benefit of their almost stationary population to the force of reason and foresight which induce it; and of none of these several elements of popular welfare do I deny the power. But when I look to the small quantity of grain Switzerland produces—one-third only of the proportion of grain to population in Great Britain; when I see her untoward position for the carriage of her imports and exports, I am compelled to look farther for the sources of eminent prosperity, where all physical circumstances seem calculated to produce peculiar poverty. Her soil even refuses to furnish, with trivial exceptions, the material of any one of the productions in which she chiefly excels; and yet, hemmed in as she is by a cordon of custom-houses, these productions find their way into the remotest markets of the world.

I assign two causes for this state of things. *First*, nearly all the consumers in Switzerland are producers; they have no funded debt, that is to say, there are no body of persons whom those who labour have to keep, and the amount consumed by whom, being non-producers, is as a dead burden on the industry of the rest. *Secondly*, and this is the most effective cause, I attribute the prosperity of Switzerland to her entire freedom of trade. She exchanges what she can best



produce and spare with whatever country has the most of what she wants. Not a single country in return admits her goods free of duty; not one, among the commercial people of the globe, reciprocates her absence of customs. But what is that to her? Does it prevent her buying from whom she will the commodities she desires, and enjoying those commodities when she has them at the cost price, instead of augmenting them to her domestic consumers by a duty? And if foreign countries, who must be repaid in Swiss goods, choose to refuse to give themselves and their consumers a similar benefit, or if they choose, by heavy duties, to put difficulties in the way of their own merchants being paid, what, I repeat, is that to Switzerland?

As for protecting duties, the Swiss people believe that if a trade cannot support itself without a protecting duty, that is sufficient proof that the trade is not suited to the capacities of the country—the proof being that the articles in question can be produced for less money elsewhere. This is taken as sufficient evidence that it is injurious to the country to continue, or to protect, any such trade; first, because consumers in Switzerland must lose the difference between the low price of the foreign article and the higher price of the home article; and, secondly, because the trade in articles which Switzerland can produce, is injured to a greater extent than the other is benefited, by preventing the far greater sale of its produce to the foreigners who produce the goods excluded. The produce which is capable of being sold in other countries is the most profitable to the producing country; and so far from protecting others which cannot be exported, it is the interest of a community to discontinue it. The fact that a trade wants protection, is an amply sufficient reason why it should not be protected.

The Swiss system of commerce and industry may be thus summed up, in its effects, on the production, and on the division, of wealth:—

1. Free trade and industrious habits augment the amount of commodities on the one hand, whilst we have prudence limiting the population, and diminishing consumption, on the other.

2. Just laws, no debt, no sinecures, no entails; the absence of these reduce the number of the non-productive classes, and consequently leave larger shares for those who do produce.

These are the roots of Swiss prosperity.

I have only to add, that, as there is less pressure for food, there are no artificial means resorted to by workmen to secure it. It is this which causes, in England, combinations among those who can combine to raise their wages, to the impoverishment of those who cannot. There are no combinations on the continent: and consequently there is more equality among the shares of labourers."

The volume contains many other interesting speculations, as, for instance, on the condition of the working-classes in our own manufacturing towns; on the elements which govern wealth and wages; on combinations; on the progress of the manufacturing arts abroad as regards machinery; on free trade; and so forth. But none of these topics have we room or inclination to enter upon in the present place. We heartily recommend the book to general attention: the labouring-classes every where ought to club to purchase it.

#### MACLEAN AND CAMERON, OR THE TWO MERCHANTS.

It chanced, a number of years ago, that two young men, bearing respectively the names of Maclean and Cameron, commenced business at one and the same time, though without connection with one another, as grocers in the large county town of —, bordering on the Highlands. These youths came from the same rural district in the north; but they were of different grades in life, Maclean being the son of a small landed proprietor, and the other sprung from a small farmer on the said proprietor's estate. They had both been sent to the county town some years before; the first to undergo a course of school education which might fit him to conduct a great commercial establishment, the second to be an apprentice in the shop of a merchant, with whom he was distantly connected. The young men, though they had passed the years of their childhood in intimacy, had latterly little intercourse: the son of the laird was ashamed to acknowledge before his companions any connection with the humble apprentice, whose coarse blue coat and cherried bonnet rendered him the jest of the lowland schoolboys; and the distant smile of recognition in a short time gave way to the vacant stare of indifference.

In a few years, the commercial education of the one, and the apprenticeship of the other, had expired; and about the same time, the two candidates for the favour of the town opened their shops. Maclean commenced business in a flashy shop, with a new fashion of bow-windows, which set half the town a-repairing of their fronts, and bow-windowing them. Our merchant sold his goods low, and thus attracted a great run at first. He had many good friends in the town, and his father's influence in the country brought half a dozen carts to

the son's door on the market-day, in order to carry supplies to small dealers in the country. But Maclean was too much uplifted by this success, which, after all, owing to the rate at which he sold, was more in appearance than in reality. He began to give claret dinners and late suppers to all the young men about the town. This, with the help of a little card-playing, soon made an impression on his funds, and he fell in at the same time with flash travellers from the south, who took long-dated bills, and sold inferior goods. Maclean fell fairly into the hands of these men, and in a short time his goods got an ill name. Customer vanished after customer, and those who remained were persons who were dilatory in their payments, and who, having run up a large account, were afraid of deserting him. His temper and habits were not improved by these first strokes of adversity; he became peevish and reckless, and buried reflection in jovial meetings and card parties.

His fellow countryman and parishioner Cameron was in the mean time struggling, by means of the closest attention, and the most rigid economy, to secure a limited but independent living. He lodged in the back shop of his little establishment; his door was the first opened in the morning, and the last shut at night. He cooked his own victuals, swept out his shop, and took off and put on his shutters with his own hands. Every thing was orderly and clean; the floor was every day besprinkled with fresh saw-dust; the scales were scoured into brightness; and the very corks of his bottles were driven in with a more than usual precision. But few footsteps for a long time marked the saw-dust of his floor; his ale was so long kept, that it became tartish, and his heart began at last to give way. When out of the shop, he would sit behind the little screen which hid his inner apartment, and watch with a big heart the entrance of some customer. He saw some hurry by with goods in their hands, others enter into the shops opposite; and he questioned with himself if there was any thing in his shop which precluded access. He began to think that the circumstance of there being a step at the door might have an effect, and he thought of taking another shop. While thus musing one day, a countryman, after staring for a while at the sign, entered, and delivered a note which contained an order for some goods from a respectable family in the neighbourhood. With great alacrity the little bale was made up, and directed in the best text hand of the overjoyed grocer, when the countryman, after several messages through the town, returned, and said that he was but a new servant, that the note was directed to Mr Maclean, and that the goods of course could not be taken. With a sad heart Cameron undid the parcel to restore the goods to their respective places, and after twisting convulsively the useless cords which he had unlaced, he looked on the direction, and a few big tears pattered on the thick brown paper. He rushed into his little apartment, threw himself on his humble bed, and wept himself into calmness.

Immediately opposite to Cameron's was the shop of a tobaccoist, whose sole object for forty years had been the making of money; and this he had effected to a very great extent, partly by excessive industry, and partly by the extensive sale of a particular mixture of snuff, which the real snuffers pronounced unrivalled. The public knew as little of this man as they did of the Highlander over his door; his mind and purse were equally impenetrable; and beyond the measured civility of thanking the meanest customer, they could not have known that he had the faculty of speech. He appeared a living mummy, in a brown wig, fustian sleeves, and a dingy apron, and with just that intelligence in his leaden eye which might serve to distinguish a good from a bad shilling. But there is no human being entirely destitute of sympathies; and apathetic as seemed this dreary old man, there were some passages in his life which showed that the sluices of social feeling were sometimes raised in his bosom. Nor was he that unobtrusive being that he was commonly believed to be; his customers were at times startled with a remark on men and things that could never have come, they imagined, within the reach of his observation. The young grocer immediately opposite to him, he had frequently noted; and he had internally complimented him on his persevering industry and complete separation from society. He had remarked also his want of success, and had revolved in his mind the resolution of taking his own small stock of groceries from him. On the day of the young grocer's disappointment, he had beheld the scene which we have described; and when he saw the young man rush into his apartment, he made two or three hasty turns behind his counter, and meditated a dart across the street, so long as the generous impression was uppermost. A feeling of delicacy made him pause for a time; at length, calmly resolute with the intention of doing a friendly office, he laid aside his apron, and ventured across the street. The tobaccoist's passage across the street was an event of as much importance to the neighbours, as the first crossing of the Atlantic by Columbus, for he had never been seen out of his shop,

except on a Sunday when going to church. Great was the interest which was felt when he ascended the step of the Highland grocer's, and none participated more intensely in the feeling of curiosity than the meridian club, which met generally about noon in a neighbouring public-house, for the ostensible purpose of reading a London newspaper which they had subscribed for, but, in reality, for discussing several bottles of porter, for which they hid the mare, as it is called, or tossed up for heads and tails. After giving directions to the disconsolate grocer to send over a certain weekly supply of goods, he abruptly told him that if he wanted a little assistance in the way of paying a bill, he might call over the way; and without waiting to contemplate the amazed object of his charity, he was on his way back to his epitome of a shop, into which a grenadier soldier of a Highland regiment was at the time endeavouring to thrust himself without detriment to his hat and feather.

The hopes of the young tradesman were rekindled by this visit, yet he felt there was something so cold and unapproachable in the manners of the tobaccoist, that he could not think of soliciting him for assistance. But the fit was on the old man, and that same evening the two were sitting in the tobaccoist's parlour over a bit of cheese and a bottle of porter, during the discussion of which they had concerted to buy, on a pretty sure speculation, a considerable quantity of oil, which the old man shrewdly suspected was to rise. Next morning, the grocer had, with the indifferent look of a known dealer, purchased a goodly quantity of oil, and, among others, from his old acquaintance Maclean, who was not a little astonished to find that the small dealer, as he deemed Cameron, was ready, for a reduction of price, to pay down ready money. An involuntary feeling of respect for his neglected friend began to steal over him, and it occurred to him on a sudden that it was very odd that they should not have a meeting for auld langsyne. A night was fixed on, agreeable to both parties; but before parting, the merchant had invited the grocer into his back-shop, where he initiated him into the mystery of removing a headache by the infusion of a glass of brandy into a tumbler of ginger-beer. Then, sitting on the top of a tea-box, he inquired with patronising anxiety about his prospects; talked of their being serviceable to each other; and enlarged, with much volubility and confidence of manner, on the necessity of being punctual and sober. "For God's sake, Cameron," says he, "beware of bad company, and"—assuming a fearful gravity of manner, "beware of forenoon drinking. I have not tasted spirits in the forenoon, till to-day, since last new year's day. Now mark me, I warn you." With this, and many warm squeezes of the hand, he hurried the grocer away to make room for a group of young men who had seated themselves in the front-shop, and were casting longing eyes to the sanctum, where the old friends were. Cameron had to run the gauntlet of staring from the satirical fraternity, and he deemed that he had weathered the straits; but, close behind the door, on a column of Gloucester cheeses, sat a more elderly person than the rest, who, on the stranger's passing, slightly let his jaw fall, at the same time pushing, with the top of his cane, a very red and broad nose up to his eyebrows—movements which produced a shout of laughter which rang in the ears of the afflicted grocer, as he left the region of wit and merchandise. A feeling of resentment had nearly turned him round; but let them laugh that win, he thought, and his mind turned to his new speculation. And well had he speculated, for in less than two days a great rise had taken place in oil; and while he reaped substantial profit, he at the same time obtained the reputation of a shrewd business-man. A number of the gentlemen who had parted with their goods so inopportunistly, vented their disappointment in expressions of contempt for the low cunning of the Highland character; Maclean had nothing to say on that score, but he was mortified at the victory of his old dependent, and meditated a return of some kind in the way of acknowledgment.

To this he was the more incited by the jokes of his acquaintances, who, as soon as they heard of the transaction, set themselves systematically to annoy and torment him. The vengeance which he meditated was not long in being put into execution. While he and his sister were sitting alone that afternoon in their parlour, the latter mentioned incidentally how glad she was to hear that old Pinch had taken their former acquaintance Cameron into his favour. The brother did not like the news, but he took the opportunity of observing that he had asked Cameron to supper. The young lady was not displeased to hear this, but she did not like so well what followed—Cameron "and a few friends." The sister of Maclean had been sent by his parents to overlook his house-keeping, and to curb his growing expensiveness, which was but too well known at home. She was an amiable girl, and disliked her brother's riotous companions, though she knew as little of their real worthlessness as she did of the true state of his affairs. But she had no control over him, and was content to spend her lonely days in her window corner, plying her needle busily, and chewing the cud of her sweet and innocent fancies. Her evenings were but too often disturbed by noisy revelling, but all she could do was to sigh, and to keep as much apart from the scene as possible.

Such was the young lady whom Cameron saw at his countryman's supper-table on the night when the meeting alluded to took place. Remembering home and old times, Miss Maclean was kind and attentive to Cameron. So much was this the case, indeed, that the quizzical boon companions of the entertainer who were there assembled, were obviously disposed to sneer at her courtesy to the somewhat awkward youth. Miss Maclean felt this, and was but the more confirmed in her kindly course; and when, in the only dialogue

which called forth serious conversation, Cameron came off with decided advantage, her eye visibly glowed at his triumph. From that glow it was Cameron's fate never to recover; and so much animation did it inspire into him, that his conversation assumed a boldness and freedom not at all agreeable to the patronising entertainer and his friends. But some of the latter dexterously commenced a conversation of a light and skirmishing kind, where Cameron was placed at a sad disadvantage. Pained at this, Miss Maclean came to his relief, and engaged him in a conversation on old times and scenes, which the pair carried on in fond and sympathising under tones, till the captain—the same gentleman who raised the laugh against Cameron in Maclean's shop—annoyed at seeing two human beings apparently so happy, broke in on the dialogue with a request for a song. The young lady complied, and it was expected by the party that she would retire at its close. But on this occasion she chose to depart from her usual rule, in spite of some very expressive looks from her brother, who saw that his friends were growing impatient to get their will wracked on the butt of the evening. An opportunity of beginning the sport was afforded, by Cameron's request for another song from Miss Maclean, during the performance of which he stood beside her at the piano, turning over the music, and wholly absorbed in listening to what he thought the sweetest sounds that ever came from human lips. His abstraction enabled one of the party to convey into his tumbler a most potent infusion of spirits. When the song closed, the captain called for three successive bumpers, one to the health of Miss Maclean, a second to that of the entertainer, and a third to that of the stranger guest, Mr Cameron. These toasts were accordingly given in rapid succession, and poor Cameron drank off the strong infusion. A replenishment was of course immediately called for. Miss Maclean now saw the propriety of retiring; and the abrupt and eager haste of Cameron to do her honour by opening the door, showed the impression that had been made upon him in more ways than one, and called forth a number of nods and winks, all highly amusing to the company.

It would be painful to describe minutely the progressive steps of Cameron's degradation on this memorable night. The unsuspecting youth, already warned beyond the bounds of prudence, was an easy prey to the experienced jokers then and there assembled. They led him through the stages of noisy contradictoriness and of maudlin tenderness, and finally laid him helpless on the floor. Having brought him to this condition, they touched up his face scientifically with a burnt cork, put a pair of mustard epaulettes on his shoulders, and then carried him through the streets on a deal board which fell in their way, to the door of Pinch the tobaccoist, against which they placed him in a leaning posture. They then aroused Pinch by a thundering knock, and departed, thinking they had thus given their victim a finishing stroke. But they knew not the character of the old man. He knew of the supper; and when poor Cameron fell at his feet on the opening of the door, Pinch at once saw through the whole iniquitous scheme. He called up his servant, and got his young friend put to bed, giving the woman orders to awake him early in the morning. When morning did come, and Cameron was roused to consciousness, his feelings were inconceivably painful. On crossing to his little shop, every bottle and drawer seemed to upbraid him. But his greatest shock was caused by his first glance at his looking-glass, where the yellow shoulder-knots and the dark mustaches were but too visibly reflected. Indignation mingled with his self-reproach, when he thought of being at Pinch's, and of the reason why he was taken there. Cameron almost wished that the darkness of that winter morning could have continued for years. But his mind grew gradually calmer, and he bent himself resolutely to the endurance of the ridicule which he was sure would fall upon him. Nor was he wrong in his anticipations. On taking off his shutters—on which, by the bye, some of last night's friends, expecting him to sleep late, had written "Not dead, but dead-drunk"—Cameron saw knots of people already assembled at the doors of his rivals in trade, and all laughing immoderately. In truth, the whole town soon heard of the affair. But the issue was very different from what had been expected by the practical jokers. All respectable people were indignant at the attempt to injure and ruin a harmless and industrious youth, and many was the customer whom this feeling brought to Cameron's door. On the other hand, Maclean's conduct was universally reprobated, and his trade received a serious blow in consequence. No one was ostensibly more indignant about the business than the captain, who had taken care not to join the procession to Pinch's. He lectured on it next morning for hours to various little groups in the streets; went to Miss Maclean, and brought tears from her eyes by his malicious exaggerations; and finally was on his way to give his tormenting condolence to Cameron himself, when he was prevented, by seeing, at the grocer's door, the carriage of Colonel Macara, a person who had always treated him drily. It was the servant of this gentleman who had committed the mistake about the parcel, and the colonel's punctilious notions of honour led him to call and make an apology for the mistake. He did more than this. After emptying Cameron's "sweetie" bottles for his children, the colonel gave an order for some whisky. The article proved to be particularly good. Orders from the colonel's friends followed, and ere long a good family trade in this article had been established. Cameron's relations in the north took care that he should never want the means of continuing this traffic.

His old schoolfellow, Maclean, was sinking rapidly in the mean time; and to maintain the family honour, his father's small property was bonded deeply. The comforts of those at home were thus sadly impaired. The old laird gave up the game licence, and his dogs were sent to a neighbouring farm. The girls, four or five in number, restricted their usual dress expenses, and decked up old things instead of buying new. The eldest girls began to think of going out as governesses, and sat down to their

pianos to practise their collection of tunes, which, as a gay acquaintance one day observed, not knowing the heart-stab inflicted by the words, were as old as the hills. All the household outlay was diminished as much as possible, and indeed necessity compelled this. The old lady, however, stuck obstinately by one custom, which was that of giving a dram to every living being that came to the house. Perhaps the laird himself, deprived of his usual recreations, felt the change of things most severely. He could only sit moping by the fire, ruminating sadly on the letters which post after post brought him from his son. The very payment of these letters became a heavy tax on the elder sister, who managed the money matters; and, on one occasion, she was compelled to apply to her youngest sister, who was innocently accumulating a small sum for a frock. Seeing tears in her sister's eyes, the good-hearted child ran for her purse, and shook the whole on the floor. The old man chanced to behold the action, and, understanding it but too well, he kissed the child, and sobbed aloud. That letter was an insistent craving one.

The guilty author of all this domestic misery was still proceeding in his work of desolation. He had professed to Cameron his shame for the proceedings at his house, although he confidently maintained that he was not a participator in them. His contrition might have been thought real, had he not shortly after called on Cameron for an accommodation in the way of money, which the grocer after some hesitation granted. There is little difficulty in believing that the forgiveness of the insult, and the accommodation given, were owing as much to the influence of the sister, as to old friendship; and an occasional admittance to the society of Miss Maclean was a temptation too strong for the love-stricken economist. During the succeeding year, he had, by the powerful assistance of the tobaccoist, and a steady adherence to business, risen into a wholesale merchant of extensive connection; and he had just arrived at the resolution that his addresses to Miss Maclean might now be paid without much presumption, when he received one Monday morning an alarming announcement that Maclean had disappeared. All that his sister knew was, that he had left town on Saturday for the country, and that he was to return on the Sunday evening. The bank took the alarm, the shop was examined, most of his goods had been converted into cash, and messengers were dispatched to the neighbouring sea-ports to secure the fugitive. But no trace of him could be obtained; nor was it till years after, that he was heard of as playing the same reckless game beyond the Atlantic.

In soothing the agitation of the sister on this occasion, Cameron's declaration of love came out; and how it was received, may be guessed from the fact, that next morning he was on his way to the Highlands to visit the family of the laird. In the afternoon, while the eldest daughter was standing at the dining-room window, contemplating, with an eye of vacancy, the waste of snow round the dreary mansion-house, the figure of a man and horse in the avenue came on her eye. This was an event in their wintry home; but when it resolved itself into the distinct shape of a gentleman, the interest became more intense. The daughters clustered their heads together; the old lady surmised that it was the laird of —, that had the impudence at last to come and ask the eldest daughter; and the laird himself at last rose from the fire-side, and looked with curiosity, not unmixed with apprehension, at the approaching guest. While the work of guessing was going on, and while the eldest sister had set down in her mind that hare collars, a fowl, and a dumpling, might be calculated on for dinner, the stranger drew to the door, and dismounted. Cameron was ushered into the drawing-room, and there he was destined to remain until the process of dressing, which was now going on with rapidity in different rooms, should be completed. The old gentleman might have received him; but, calculating on the excluding influence of the storm, he had not shaved for three days, and he was now vexedly strapping his razor, and demanding hot water in no very patient tone, as Jenny was plying from room to room, among the misses and mistress, with a pin in her mouth and a hair-brush in her hand. A great many orders and reproaches, given in intent whispers to Jenny, by the ladies, made her forget the laird and his hot water; this, at last, however, she found time to think of, but in the hurry of pouring it into the shaving-pan, a certain quantity fell on the house dog, whose howlings and prancings through the kitchen were altogether hideous. "Lord preserve us!" ejaculated the laird; "what's that now?" and the tortured animal rushed into his bed-room, plunging the carpet with his nose, the whole length of the room. Mean time, the poultry had been attacked by the kitchen servant in the back court, and one of the hens which was particularly aimed at, had, in desperation, taken wing, and come smash against the back window of the drawing-room. The nerves of all were in high excitement—their superstitions became roused—and it was only after an effort at mental composure, as her hand rested on the handle of the drawing-room door, that the elder sister ventured in. Another entered, and rushed back to announce that it was Duncan Cameron's son, who had set up the shop in —. The old lady tossed her head with disdain, and the laird, who had cleared off the crop on his chin, on hearing this, resolved, in the present state of his razors, to leave his upper lip unshaved. The general impression among the young ladies was, that he looked like a gentleman. The old lady said he was merely good-looking, and the laird thought he was well enough. But they all received him with kindness, and pressed him to stay dinner, which he consented to do.

It was believed that he had been at his father's in the neighbourhood, and that he had thought it his duty to call, in gratitude for the attentions which had been shown to him by their son and daughter. Ere evening, a stillness and seriousness had come over the house; and the younger branches of the family sent anxious looks to the drawing-room, where Cameron, with the laird, his wife, and eldest daughter, were in close divan. The disastrous state of

their son's affairs was developed by Cameron with tact and cautiousness, and the prospect of relief from ruin which was offered to the old man by his generous proposals, assuaged the anguish which he felt for his son's behaviour. By Cameron's interference the property was preserved in the family, and the laird once more resumed his rambles with his gun and dog. In the interval between this visit and the marriage which was now agreed on, the old lady had found out that the Camerons, who were comparatively but a recent importation from a distant part of the Highlands, were, though a decayed family, well connected; and she was every day more impressed with the idea, which was suggested by her daughters, that Cameron was uncommonly like their elder brother, the captain then in India, who was decidedly the gentlest-looking lad in the country when he left home. Two months had not elapsed, when Cameron paid his second visit to the mansion-house; but his coming on this occasion was not so unexpected. In the chaise, which was driven up with as much dashing celerity as the state of the avenue would admit, sat Cameron and his friend the tobaccoist, who, on this occasion, shone out in a rather smartish wig and a snuff-brown coat, in the character of bridesman. The said accoutrements were only visible afterwards, on the occasions of three christenings, which took place within the space of the five succeeding years. About the expiration of that time, their owner disappeared, after bequeathing his wealth to the young couple, who are now in middle life, and settled in affluence in the mansion-house of the old laird.

## BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

### THE POSTERITY OF CROMWELL.

IN the middle of the seventeenth century, an extraordinary train of events enabled a private English gentleman to rise over the heads of his fellows, as well as of all who were his superiors, and establish himself in the undisputed sovereignty of three kingdoms. There must, of course, have been an uncommon degree of mental power and force in such a man, and accordingly we find, in his portraits, the appearances of a large brain, and of a vigorous though somewhat coarse character. As, till the forty-second year of his age, he remained in a private station, we must of course suppose that, but for the occurrence of a civil war, he would never have risen much above that station, although we should always be disposed to expect in such a man, even in the most obscure condition, some manifestations of an extraordinary intellect and temper—such, indeed, as Cromwell did display while an ordinary citizen of Huntingdon. A case like his shows in a very striking manner how far accidental circumstances are of avail in advancing even the most remarkably endowed men; for, from all that we know of Cromwell, it appears that he did not so much act under an ambitious impulse, as he was drawn on from step to step by opportunities and temptations which arose in his course. His mind, it may be said, was a great one, and fitted by nature for a grand position; he was, by his native powers, calculated to take advantage of the circumstances which came before him; but still he could not have created the circumstances necessary for his advancement; he was not disposed to do so; and he would have been content with the situation of a village Hampden, if he had not had the opportunity presented to him of rising to be the protector of a republic.

This man, who, though of gentlemanly birth, had been a brewer, resided for six years in the palace of Whitehall, as the inaugurated sovereign of England, Ireland, and Scotland. He received embassages; he carried on foreign wars, and caused the name of England to be more respected than it had been under the greatest of its kings. He had his family established in palaces. He appointed his second and most talented son to be deputy of Ireland. The exiled monarch whose throne he usurped, so far acknowledged his power and dignity, as to sue for the hand of one of his daughters, with a view to regaining by that means a crown which he could obtain by no other. There can be no doubt that, if he had been pleased to accede to the proposals made to him from this quarter, he might have obtained, in exchange for a precarious sovereignty, permanent honours and emoluments of the most splendid kind, which he might have transmitted to his posterity. But he refused all these offers, and died in the possession of his throne, and was buried amongst the kings of England.

When we see what a man of powerful mind can do in certain circumstances for the elevation of himself and his family, it becomes an interesting study to observe how, when he is removed, and the favouring circumstances no longer exist, that family stands with the world. Here, of course, the splendour of the father's name, and the unspent force of his authority, give a little advantage; yet it is impossible for such a family long to hold its place. With all the certainty of the most familiar natural laws, we see it gravitate from the accidental place to that which it is fitted by nature to hold under the new circumstances. Besides a widow, who is said to have been an ordinary woman, Cromwell left five children, two sons and three daughters. One of these daughters possessed a large share of her father's genius, and the second son had some



vigour of character; all the rest were of the commonest mould. Richard, in particular, who succeeded his father as Protector, was simply a mild and inoffensive country gentleman, so far, according to Sir Henry Vane, from being able to rule three kingdoms, that he could scarcely enforce obedience from his own domestic servants. In his portrait he bears a strong resemblance to his mother, and we may presume that he took his intellectual nature also from her. If he had chanced to be more the child of his father, the history of England might, from that accident, have taken a different complexion.

Addressees, by which the people of England have been accustomed ever since to exemplify hypocrisy on a large scale, took their rise, most appropriately, on this occasion. They poured in from all quarters on this sovereign of a single winter, whom they flattered in the most extravagant style. He called a parliament, and then a council of the military officers, which last soon became practically the engine of government. Before May, Richard was left in his palace, to appearance a sovereign, but in reality a mere tenant of that large mansion. The very dishes going to his table are said to have been sometimes intercepted by the republican soldiers who mounted guard. Yet some things are told of him, which would show that he was not altogether destitute of spirit. When the zealots by whom he was surrounded and ultimately betrayed, murmured against his promoting some who had been cavaliers, he said, "Would you have me prefer none but the godly! Here is Dick Ingoldsby," he continued, "who can neither pray nor preach; yet will I trust him before ye all." When the army deserted him, and the last regiment of horse was filing off before him, he opened his breast, and desired them to put an end to his life and misfortunes at once. Though he might well have trembled to oppose the will of such men as Fleetwood and Desborough, he would not leave his palace till they had come to an agreement with him for the settlement of the heavy debts he had incurred in the public service, and particularly for his father's funeral. So resolute was he on this point, that on one occasion Desborough threatened to go and pull him out of Whitehall. Finally, when he was leaving the palace, he desired his servants to be very careful of two old trunks which stood in his wardrobe: a friend, who stood by, asked what they contained, that he was so anxious about them. "Why, nothing less," said Richard, "than the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England." The trunks were filled with the addresses before mentioned, in which the people had devoted their lives and fortunes to the support of his authority. Richard withdrew to the country, and his brother Henry soon after retired in an equally quiet manner from his Irish government. The cessation of the Cromwell dynasty did not occasion the shedding of one drop of blood.

During the year which elapsed before the Restoration, these men had almost become forgotten, so that no inquiry was made for them on that occasion. Henry formally made his peace with the new government through Lord Clarendon. In the summer of 1660, finding some inconvenience to arise from his debts, which after all had not been fully liquidated by the parliament, Richard deemed it necessary to pass over to the continent. Landing at Bourdeaux, he proceeded through the south of France to Pezanas, where it chanced that the prince of Conti was then living as governor of a province. According to Lord Clarendon, Richard made some stay here, "and walking abroad to entertain himself with the view of the situation, and of many things worth seeing there, he met with a person who well knew him, and was well known by him, the other having been always of his father's and of his party, so that they were glad enough to find themselves together." This gentleman told him "that all strangers who came to that town used to wait upon the prince of Conti, who expected it, and always treated strangers, and particularly the English, with much civility; that it need not be known; that he himself would go first to the prince and inform him that another English gentleman was passing through the town, and would be glad to have the honour to kiss his hand. The prince received him with great civility and grace, according to his natural custom, and after a few words began a discourse on the affairs of England, and asked many questions concerning the king, and whether all men were quiet, and submitted obediently to him, which the other [Cromwell] answered briefly, according to the truth. 'Well,' said the prince, 'Oliver, though he was a traitor and a villain, was a brave fellow, had great parts, great courage, and was worthy to command; but that Richard, that coxcomb, ecquin, poltroon, was surely the basest fellow alive. What is become of that fool! How is it possible that he should be such a sot!' He [Richard] answered, that he was betrayed by those whom he most trusted, and who had been most obliged by his father. So, being weary of this visit, he quickly took his leave, and the next morning left the town, out of fear that the prince might know that he was the very fool and coxcomb he had mentioned so kindly." The ex-protector proceeded first to Geneva, and afterwards to Paris, where he lived obscurely for many years.

The daughters of Cromwell, being all married to persons in moderate circumstances, were not greatly affected by the Restoration. Henry settled at Spinney Abbey, near Soham, in Cambridgeshire, where he had an estate of about five or six hundred a-year. In the year 1671, the king, in returning from Newmarket,

expressed a wish to call at some house and take refreshment; one of his courtiers informed him that there was a very honest gentleman in the neighbourhood, who would think it an honour to entertain his majesty. The king consented to call on this person, and the cavalcade moved along till it came to the farm-yard of Spinney Abbey, where a man like a farmer was engaged in affairs of husbandry. This man, wondering to see so large a company, came forward to meet them, and one of the courtiers, seizing a muck-fork, shouldered it, and walked with affected solemnity before him. The king, readily perceiving that some joke was intended, asked what it meant. "Why, sire," said the gentleman with the muck-fork, "this gentleman before whom I carry this implement of husbandry, is Mr Henry Cromwell, to whom I had the honour of being mace-bearer when he was in Ireland." Charles laughed; Mr Cromwell was confounded; but the case of the royal visitor banished all disquietude; the hungry company were treated to the best fare which Mrs Cromwell had; and they departed with good humour and pleasure on all sides.\* Henry Cromwell died, universally respected, in March 1674, and was buried in Wicken Church.

Richard lived in Paris till 1680, occupying a poor lodging, and attended by only one servant. That he might attract no attention, he passed under the name of Clark. His debts being at length paid, or ceasing to trouble him, he returned to England, and took up his residence at Cheshunt, a few miles from London, where he lived for many years in the most unostentatious manner. Dr Isaac Watts, who was acquainted with him, says he never, during all their intercourse, heard him allude to his former greatness but once, and that in the most distant manner. His ordinary manner was somewhat grave, but he often indulged in innocent pleasantry. He had an only son, named Oliver, who possessed the manor of Merdon, in right of his mother. In the reign of King William III., this Oliver, according to a popular story related by Mr Luson in Hughes's Letters, had occasion to present a petition in his own name alone to parliament. He gave it to a friend, who was a member, to be presented. "Just as this gentleman was entering the house with the petition in his hand, Sir Edward Seymour, the famous old Tory member, was also going in; on sight of Sir Edward so near him, the gentleman found his fancy briskly solicited by certain ideas of fun to make the surly sour old Seymour carry up a petition for Oliver Cromwell. 'Sir Edward,' said he, stopping on the instant, 'will you do me a favour! I this moment recollect that I must attend a trial in Westminster Hall, which may keep me too late to give in this petition, as I promised to do, this morning; 'tis a mere matter of form; will you be so good as carry it up for me?' 'Give it me,' said Sir Edward. The petition went directly into his pocket, and he into the house. When a proper vacancy happened to produce it, Seymour put himself upon his feet, and his spectacles on his nose, and began to read, 'The humble petition of—of—of—the devil!' said Seymour, 'of Oliver Cromwell!' The roar of laughter in the house, at seeing him so fairly taken in, was too great for Sir Edward to stand it; so he flung down his petition, and ran out directly."

On the death of Oliver unmarried in 1705, his estate was disputed at law between his father Richard, and his three sisters, who conceived themselves to have a preferable right to a property once their mother's. This was an indecent occurrence, which probably would not have taken place but for the long separation of the ladies from their father. The ex-Protector, now an aged man, was obliged, on this occasion, to appear personally in court. The judge, on learning who he was, ordered a chair to be placed for the venerable old man within the bar, and requested that, on account of his advanced age, he would sit covered. On the case being heard, the Lord Chancellor commented, in strong terms, on the unfeeling conduct of the daughters, and made an order in favour of the father, observing that they might have permitted an aged parent to enjoy his rights in peace, for the small remainder of his life. As the ex-Protector retired, he chanced to walk into the House of Lords, where some one, to whom he was a stranger, asked if he had ever been there before: he answered, "Not since I sat on that throne." Richard lived for some years longer in the enjoyment of good health. When advanced beyond eighty years of age, he would sometimes mount his horse, and ride several miles. The remarkable circumstance of a dethroned sovereign thus living so long in peace and privacy, surviving so many of his successors, and seeing such strange changes in the political state of a realm which had once been his, has not escaped notice in modern fiction.† In his last illness, and just before his departure, he said to his daughters, "Live in love—I am going to the God of love." He died, July 13, 1712, in his eighty-sixth year. One of his sisters, the youngest, lived till 1720, and his daughters, Anne and Elizabeth, died respectively in 1727 and 1731. The obituary notice of the latter in the Gentleman's Magazine, is in terms touching from

their simple dignity: "April 8, Mrs Elizabeth Cromwell, aged 82, daughter of the late Richard Cromwell, once Lord Protector of these Realms." These two ladies are described by one who knew them, as "well-bred, well-dressed, stately women, exactly punctilious, but carrying about with them a consciousness of high rank, with a secret dread that those with whom they conversed should not observe and acknowledge it." It is stated that some one, at a watering-place, wishing to insult them, said, "Ladies, your grandfather was hanged;" when Anne instantly rejoined, "but not till he was dead."

The posterity of Richard the Protector closed with the first generation. Of a large family born to Henry, one son and one daughter left descendants. This son, who bore his father's name, became a major of foot, and died in Spain, while with the army, in 1711, leaving a large family, two of whom were lawyers; one an ensign in the army; another in the Excise Office; and a fifth, named Thomas, a grocer in Snow Hill. It would appear that the only male descendants of the hero of Naseby trace their pedigree through the person last mentioned; but the descendants through females are very numerous.

The most remarkable of all the posterity of Cromwell seems to have been a Mrs Bendysh, who was his grand-daughter through his daughter Bridget, by her first husband, General Ireton. Mrs Bendysh bore a striking resemblance to the Protector in person, and was also like him in many features of her mind. When she was only six years of age, he used to allow her to sit between his knees at the cabinet councils, while the most important affairs were discussed. Some one objecting to her being there, he said, "There is no secret I would trust with any of you, that I would not trust with that infant." To prove that he was right in the confidence he reposed in her, he told her something under a charge of secrecy, and then caused her mother and grandmother to try to extort it from her. Promises, caresses, and bribes, were first tried; then threatenings, and even severe whippings; but all in vain. As a non-conformist during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., she used to befriend the proscribed clergy, in whose behalf she had often very severe struggles with the magistracy, and generally was victorious. She was privy to the Rye-House Plot, and the projects which led to the Revolution; and previous to the latter event, when cheapening goods in shops, would drop parcels of papers calculated to prepare the public mind for what was about to take place. In latter life, when a widow, she resided at South-Town, near Yarmouth, where she carried on business in salt works and the rearing of cattle, for which her masculine mind and frame of body eminently fitted her. She had all her grandfather's activity of spirit, and the same enthusiastic and visionary kind of piety. Against all disappointments and vexations she had one never-failing resource; she rejoiced at every thing as it arrived; if she succeeded, she was thankful; if she suffered adversity, she was still more thankful. Passionately fond of the memory of her grandfather, from whom she said she had learned every thing, she admired him in nothing so much as his saintliness, always speaking of him as "a chosen vessel," "a regenerated child of God, divinely inspired," and so forth. This was inconvenient, for a hundred would join her in calling her father a great soldier, for one who would allow him to have been a sincere saint. Travelling once in a stage-coach, and speaking of him in her usual phraseology, she called forth some remarks of a particularly ungracious nature from a gentleman who sat in the same vehicle. These she rebutted, and a very violent altercation took place, which lasted till the conclusion of the stage. Mrs Bendysh then took her opponent aside, and told him with great composure that he had belied the most pious man that ever lived; that Cromwell's blood, which flowed in her veins, would not allow her to pass over the indignities he had cast upon his memory in her presence; that though she could not handle a sword, she could fire a pistol as well as he; and she demanded immediate satisfaction for the injured honour of the family. The gentleman, now for the first time informed of the relationship, asked her pardon, and said so much in praise of the brighter side of her grandfather's character, that the journey was continued in peace.

"She would frequently," says a gentleman who had seen her when he was a boy, "come to visit at my father's [in Yarmouth] at nine or ten at night, and sometimes later, if the doors were not shut up. On such visits she generally staid till about one in the morning. Such late visits, in these sober times, were considered by her friends as highly inconvenient; yet nobody complained of them to her. The respect she universally commanded, gave her a licence in this, and many other irregularities. She would, on her visits, drink wine in great plenty, and the wine used to put her tongue into very brisk motion. When she kept clear of her enthusiastic freaks, she was highly entertaining. She had strong sense, a free and spirited elocution, and much knowledge of the world. There was an old mare that had been her faithful companion for many years. The old mare and her manœuvres were as well known at Yarmouth, as the old lady. On this mare she was generally mounted; but, towards the end of her life, the mare was prevailed on to draw a chaise, in which Mrs Bendysh often seated herself. She would never suffer a servant to attend her in these night visits; 'God,' she said, 'was her guard, and

\* At this time, and for at least ten years more, the head of Oliver Cromwell was exposed on Westminster Hall. It would have been a pleasant conclusion to this story, if, after experiencing the modest hospitality of the son, Charles had had the magnanimity to order that dismal object to be removed.

† It gives occasion to a striking scene in Sir E. L. Bulwer's novel of "Deveraux."

she would have no other.' When the mare began to move, Mrs Bendyah began to sing a psalm or one of Watts's hymns, in a very loud, but not very harmonious key; and thus the two old souls, the mare and her mistress, one gently trotting, and the other loudly singing, jogged on, the length of a short mile from Yarmouth, which brought them home."

#### ASCENT OF THE VIGNEMALE.

THE Vignemale is the highest mountain in the French Pyrenees, and till a recent period was never ascended. There are not, for twenty miles round, summits more rugged, or rocks more precipitous. The glaciers which block up the approaches to it are furrowed by enormous ravines, and the annals of the Pyrenees record more than one fatal event which these recesses have witnessed. In the summer of 1837, the Prince of Moscow and his brother, sons of the celebrated Marshal Ney, at length performed the feat of ascending to the top of the Vignemale, of which adventure the Prince has given a narrative to the world through the medium of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. From this publication we learn that the Prince was induced to make the attempt by a guide named Cantouz, who informed him that, having been once commissioned by a traveller to find a pass to the top of the mountain, he had sought for two years, and had at last by accident discovered a hitherto unknown approach, which, though of a difficult nature, might be thought to be overcome. "On the 10th of August, at eleven o'clock," says the Prince, "we were on our way; the weather was magnificent, as is indispensable to such an enterprise; with Vincent, a guide and hunter of Luz, David my servant, and a man to drive a pack-horse laden with clothing and provisions. \* \* After having got a hatchet and *crampons* at Gavarnie, where we breakfasted, we started westward, in the direction of the valley of Ossone."

We soon came to a steep and stony hill, then to a pretty wood of healthy nut-trees. Half a league farther on, the road became level, to the great comfort of our horses, who, by their frequent halts, had entered protest against acclivities of seventy degrees, up which we had been forcing them. Here there is no high-road: the Vignemale was our pole; the Gave, which issues from it, our compass. As we advanced, we kept *tacking* from right to left, to avoid the steepness of a slippery surface.

To the right, above the Gave, rises the mountain of the Combe, like an immense wall. After a two hours' march, under a sufficiently hot sun, we halted on a pretty green spot, by a spring: we had turned the Malferrat, which till then we had been skirting, and the Vignemale glistened at last before us, displaying all the splendour of its glaciers, all the capricious forms of its peaks.

"There he is," cried Cantouz, uncovering his head respectfully before his conquest; "look at that point, which scarcely rears itself above the snow: it is the summit of the mountain. Yonder is the peak where we shall be to-morrow, please God and our Lady of Heas!" It was a case, had we been English, to call for the universal *Hip! hip! hurrah!* with three times three, and to bring down an avalanche; but we have nothing analogous in French. The poverty of our language condemns us to a more expressive silence.

Up to this point our road had been made cheerful by immense flocks, scattered here and there on the ample sides of the Malferrat. But after we resumed our march, we arrived at solitudes no longer animated by the grave sound of the sheep-bell, or the still deeper voice of their faithful guardians. These enormous dogs announced our passage by their intelligent barking, but there was no ill-will manifested. By degrees, the sounds of the valley lost themselves in the air. As there still remained for us a severe day's walk on the morrow, we resolved to pass the night as near as possible to the Plan d'Aube, which is the pass leading to the valley of Serbigliana; and as it was necessary at such an elevation to have a fire all night, we could not advance far above the rhododendron, the last shrub to be found in the ascent of these mountains. We therefore descended again to a little valley at the foot of the Cardal, where some Spanish flocks were grazing, under the care of two shepherds. It is impossible to imagine any thing more picturesque. These two stout, well-made fellows, wore the dress of the Arragonese peasants, their brown faces were overshadowed by the large *sombrero*, and with every word they uttered they showed ranges of teeth as white as their own goats' milk. They were both knitting stockings for their own private wearing. We soon struck up a conversation: we asked the usual questions; they made a tender of their best services, and I employed them with others of our party to fetch wood. We soon found a place of encampment, on the edge of a pretty *gave*, by which we halted. The horses were unsaddled and turned adrift, and the pack-saddle was rummaged for coverings and provisions.

We passed the night merrily; every possible combination of rum, brandy, wine, and sugar, was exhausted by the eminently inventive genius of my brother, to keep our guides warm and in good humour; and they never ceased to sing '*Là-haut sous les montagnes*' in the most sonorous of voices, to do honour to

masters so considerate. Thus our dinner passed off successfully, with a shade too much, perhaps, of wastefulness, for which our next night's supper was to suffer.

In a brotherly spirit, we invited the Spaniards to take their places at our banquet; they came, knitting in hand. These good fellows were not wholly ignorant of the arts, for having, each of them, drained an enormous glass of punch, they sang, at our request, a song in the time of a fandango, ending in loud cries similar to those uttered by the Arabs of Mount Atlas. To their cries, Perro, their large dog, answered, by giving tongue *au grave*. At last their songs ceased, the shepherds went to lie down with some of our party on the dry stones in their den, offering us a place there. But the recollections of a night passed in the best inn at Poitiers induced my brother and myself to decline this hospitable shelter; and those of our guides, who, like ourselves, did not wish to run the risk of the Spanish *Couilla*, stretched themselves round the fire, which was kept up all night. How sublime were the heavens on that night! Ye who have never bivouacked on the Cardal, know not what a fine night is!

Next morning we ascended the Cardal, and towards seven were within sight of the Plan d'Aube, but we did not traverse it immediately, for we lost three-quarters of an hour in a fruitless attempt to surprise an *izard*, which was feeding above the pass. After having traversed the Plan d'Aube, and descended into Spain through the valley of Serbigliana, we advanced for another half league towards the right, and stopped at the foot of Malferrat. Here we left our horses, and began the ascent on foot.

We now moved upward in a northern direction, and above the valley of Serbigliana. At first the road is almost level, skirting the base of the mountain for an hour or two, and I kept at the head of the column to regulate the pace. We soon came to a steep ascent, with loose slates and stones. This was most fatiguing; these avalanches of stones, or *lançages* as they are called, must be rapidly passed—you must not stop—you should, indeed, scarcely plant your foot, for the least displacement of the stones causes an incalculable disturbance—all the mountain seems in motion. It would be imprudent for any one to attempt to resist the current; he would be swept away. It was with pleasure that we quitted this moving earth for the solid rock; for the latter, with a good head and a little address, you can manage well enough. This part of the mountain, which is not very steep, was easily traversed. One point now brought us to a halt. Imagine a natural chimney, a score of feet in height, and so narrow that the body could scarcely enter it. Where were we to place the points of our iron-shod sticks! where set our feet! The danger was not great, but the obstacle seemed all but insurmountable. It is difficult to say how we got through it; yet, in truth, it detained us but a short time. The Vignemale was waiting for us. This reminds me of an answer given to the Count de Stednick, by a French grenadier during the war of independence in America, where the marshal served as a volunteer. A French company had scaled a fort, situated on so precipitous a rock that when M. de Stednick, then a junior officer, came there, he could not but express his surprise; and he asked of a grenadier, 'How, my friend, did you contrive to get up?' 'Ah, captain,' replied the soldier, 'it was because the enemy was here!'

Towards eleven o'clock we made our first halt. Already more than one chain of mountains extended itself at our feet; behind us, the Vignemale raised its peak among sharp-pointed rocks; to the right, an enormous amphitheatre displayed its marble circle, like that of the Oval of Gavarnie and that of Troumouse. We took some provisions from our guides' bag, and breakfasted. Cantouz proudly carried my barometer; he appeared to attach much importance to the mountain's height being ascertained with certainty. When we arrived within sight of the snows, we saw a herd of *izards* gently traversing these slippery declivities, and pointing out our road. We no longer worked our way upwards by means of the walls of rock. The scene here spread out, and we advanced in a long line, choosing at pleasure the place for our steps. Many of the huge stones, blanchied and polished by the waters, appeared ready for the sculptor's studio. Directing our steps towards the left of the arch formed by the walls of the amphitheatre, we were presently at the foot of the great glacier. There a new halt took place; it was requisite to fix our *crampons* firmly, to tighten and close our *espadilles*, to mix rum with ice water, and fill a bottle with it, for our luncheon on the summit—for the heat was extreme, and henceforward we could find no water; then commenced the most fatiguing and monotonous march imaginable, upon snow whose whiteness dazzled us. In proportion as we advanced, it grew more precipitous and more firm;—each guide in his turn taking the lead, and cutting steps in the snow. We advanced in file, one behind another, and scarcely at every new tack gaining ten yards. We had now been on the snow more than two hours and a quarter; and it was necessary to leap a very deep ravine, for the glacier does not join the rock closely, because of the heat, which melts the snow; but this was easily effected. I remarked here, with surprise, some flies upon the snow. I know that Ramond has described them as found on Mount Perdu; they were very lively.

Already our respiration had become difficult, the quickness of the pulse increased, and, in spite of our feelings of strength and elasticity, we were obliged

often to pause for breath. The rock which we had to climb is of primitive limestone. I saw nothing resembling granite; yet the Vignemale is, almost to a certainty, of the primitive formation, like the Marboré and the Mount Perdu, than which it is only some yards lower. When fatigue begins, all efforts to advance become mechanical, and great distances are accomplished almost without taking notice. The similitude of every object, joined to that troublesome gasping for breath, made our rough road monotonous and wearisome, and we now crept forward on hands and feet. It was necessary, however, to awaken up at the sight of the precipice, which towers over the pass of Panticos. Never, I confess, did I dream of any thing so frightful; I did not attempt to measure its height, for it was with repugnance that I looked upon it. In advancing towards the summit of the first peak of the Vignemale, the rock was ridged like the roof of a house, and we had to make our way astride along it. There nature has placed an enormous tunnel, which Cantouz called the chimney of the Vignemale; and a stone falling through this opening is not stopped till it reaches the valley. After some desperate efforts, I reached the top of the rocks, and found myself on an immense circular plain of snow—evidently a colossal basin, round which arose four peaks of unequal size—the four summits of the Vignemale.

We rested for an instant on the edge of this crater, but we had no time to lose, and by an optical effect, which I soon recognised as a deception, the peak still to be climbed seemed of itself a mountain. The fear of not having sufficient time for our barometrical observations, and, above all, of not finding ourselves in a fair way to return before night, made us hasten onward, across the plain of snow. We took the precaution to walk in file, each of us holding a rope, that if one slipped into a ravine he might be sustained by the weight and the strength of his companions. David, my servant, was the only person to whom the precaution was of use—he was already shoulder-deep in the snow when we drew him out. We arrived without accident at the foot of the Vignemale, and, finally, at the summit of the peak, at half past two, an hour after our last halt, as Cantouz had promised us.

The panoramic view I shall not attempt to describe—a geographical chart of the Pyrenees could only imperfectly give an idea of it. Our first care was to make our barometrical observations, then to build up a little tower for the purpose of hoisting a flag, which we planted thereon, and saluted with a discharge of musketry, and drank the health of the Vignemale.

To our extreme surprise, a voice answered us. It was not an echo, but, indeed, a far-off human voice. How was this to be explained? We swept with our glasses all the neighbouring mountains, without finding a trace of a human being, when a little black speck on the surface of the Lake de Gaube attracted our attention. It was a fisherman's boat—and it must, almost to a certainty, have been thence that we were answered. In spite of the distance, this did not appear to astonish our guides, who were delighted to know that the people of Cautelets would that very evening learn the result of our adventure.

Before our departure, we left beneath the flagstaff a bottle, in which was a paper containing the details of our ascent.

From observations, the height of the Vignemale above the level of the sea should be 11,221 feet, supposing, according to Pasumot, Luz to be 390 toises above the sea.

It was now necessary to depart. We soon reached the snow, which we crossed without accident. Yet it was easy to feel that the energy of our will had then sustained our legs, and that, after success, they were disposed to give way a little. We had to guard against one great danger, that of rolling down the stones upon those who went before. I was one of the first who attacked the glacier. We were all bruised upon the rocks, and we hoped to rest ourselves by sliding down the snow. We had resumed our *crampons*, and promised ourselves some amusement in descending these *montagnes russes*. I took but little care, not imagining they were so steep as to be at all dangerous. Thus, at the first step, I was thrown over, but fortunately kept hold of the girdle of my guide. However, my *crampon* turned, and I again lost my equilibrium, let go my hold, and then I began to descend, sliding on my back. Unluckily I had no stick; I perceived immediately that the rapidity of my progress began every instant to increase in a frightful manner, and, above all, by the shouts on every side of me, that I was in great danger—I was shot off like a rocket down a declivity of sixty-five degrees, which it had cost us two hours to ascend, and at a rate which made it impossible but that I must lose my breath if it continued. I thought with a shudder of the rocks below, but I did not lose my presence of mind, and continued to keep myself on my back. Bernard Guillembert, however, had thrown himself forward at a lower point, to try and stop me. Having buried his stick and his *crampons* in the snow, he awaited me at a little promontory formed by the rocks, which pushed out on the glacier. As well as I could I steered for him, and had the good fortune to reach the spot. The shock was so violent that I overset him; but the diversion effected by this rencontre saved me; for having slid down some little way farther, I was stopped by a projection of the rock, towards which I extended my feet. The blow was violent, as may be imagined; nevertheless, with the exception of a large bruise on the heel, and being slightly stunned, I experienced no ill consequences, and was able to rise almost immediately. Bernard was near

\* The above article is composed of the more interesting particulars contained in Noble's *Memoirs of the Cromwell Family*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1796.

† We use a translation which has appeared in the *Athenaeum*.



me, covered with blood, his arms almost dislocated; for, placing himself before me to stop me, he had not chosen a position sufficiently solid: the blow had struck him like a thunderbolt, and the poor fellow had rolled over the stones head foremost.

My brother then began to descend, leaning one hand on the shoulder of Cantouz, the other on his iron-shod stick, and walking with all the caution which my accident inspired—still, in spite of his precautions, he had not made three steps when he slipped, dragging his guide with him. The efforts of the guides to stop him proved useless; in vain they buried their sticks in the snow. I saw them both launched on the terrible descent. Baptiste threw himself across their path, plunging three-fourths of his stick in the snow; leaning against this prop, and with his feet planted, as it were, in the glacier. The stick broke; but Baptiste, overthrown, had the good luck to stop himself by the handle, which he still held. Judge of my anxiety, when I saw that rapid course accelerating every instant, my brother and his guide descending always together. At last, when about to be dashed against a frightful jutting-out rock, Vincent precipitated himself with intrepidity before them, with a desperate blow, burying his whole hatchet in the snow. He waited, fixing his eyes on them. I held my breath, and, thank God! in spite of the violence of the shock, he had strength enough to resist it, and to stop them on the very verge of the abyss!

This episode cast a serious shade over our success, and the descent, though finished without new accidents, wanted the light-hearted gaiety of our outset. It was dark night when we arrived in the valley of Serbighiani, at the place where we had left our horses, too late to travel farther; and we were obliged to pass the night there, even without fire. Fortunately the weather was beautiful, and we did not suffer much from the cold. We returned to Luz in the course of the following day, and Bernard's accident, I am happy to say, was not followed by any ill consequences."

#### MR J. F. SMITH ON JOINT-STOCK BANKING.\*

THE object of this pamphlet is to take into consideration those evils attending the present system of Joint-Stock Banking, which are expected in a short time to come under the attention of Parliament, with a view to a legislative remedy. The grand evil is, as stated by Mr Smith, that, "under the existing laws, the compliance with a few inefficient official forms enables any adventurer, possessing funds or credit merely sufficient for the publishing of a prospectus, to organise a Joint-Stock Bank, with a nominal capital of millions—to issue paper money, and give altogether such a colouring to his proceedings as effectually to entrap the unwary, and enrich himself and his confederates at the expense of a credulous public." That the evils contemplated by Mr Smith really exist, and are operative of great injury to many individuals, is, we believe, not questioned. The Joint-Stock system of banking, long conducted in Scotland with prudence and honour, is now rapidly becoming a favourite game of the rash and designing all over the empire. Some late disclosures in Ireland and at Manchester manifest this in a striking manner; and it is probably only for time to develop the full extent of the mischiefs of which the basis has been laid within the last few years.

After some preliminary remarks, Mr Smith addresses himself to the task of suggesting a complete code of regulations for future establishments. He proposes in the first place, either a small board of commissioners, whose duty it should be to see that the provisions of the new law are faithfully complied with, and to whom the various periodical returns might be made, or that the same duty should be entrusted to the Board of Trade or the Secretary of State for the Home Department. In what follows, he assumes that such a board is appointed. He then states those additional regulations which would require to be imposed on existing banks, in order to bring them to a level in point of security with the new ones, for which he proposes the following amongst other arrangements:—

"I. That when a Joint-Stock Association shall hereafter be formed for the purpose of banking, the parties interested in the first instance shall transmit to the Board of Commissioners a full prospectus of their intended establishment, stating the proposed amount of nominal and paid-up capital, the number and value of shares, the names and designations of the parties chosen as directors for the first year, the locality of the head office, and, as far as practicable, the number and situation of branch establishments. This prospectus shall also be accompanied by a list of the proprietors, signed by each shareholder, who shall adjoint to his signature a distinct memorandum of his place of residence, profession, or trade, and the number of shares taken by

him. The whole shares must be subscribed for, and the directors having collected from the shareholders one-fourth of the intended paid-up capital, shall invest the same in government securities, East India or Bank of England stock; or, if preferred, shall lodge the same in deposit, with the Bank of England, Bank of Ireland, or one of the chartered Banks of Scotland, and exhibit satisfactory evidence of this to the Board of Commissioners.

The Commissioners being satisfied that these preliminary steps have been taken, shall then adjust with the directors the draught of their proposed deed of partnership, which shall be similarly executed in duplicate, and deposited along with the signed list of shareholders, as before, in the proper stamp-office. These forms having been gone through, the association, on producing some satisfactory evidence of the payment of another fourth part of their real capital, should then have their notes stamped, and receive a licence for their issue. With regard to the remaining portion of their real capital, a peremptory clause might be inserted in the deed of partnership, binding the shareholders to advance the same in two instalments, within six months or a year from the date of their licence, under a penalty of a total forfeiture of banking privileges. When the whole real capital is paid up, some satisfactory evidence of the fact should be given, or a solemn affirmation might be made by all the directors as before, and the company should then be entitled to the privileges of a royal charter.

In compelling payment of so much of the capital at an early stage, a guarantee will be obtained that no rash or immature speculation will be called into existence, but that the establishment of each bank is in some degree called for by the wants of its locality; and this provision, with the proposed regulation as to the minimum amount of a share, afterwards noticed, will ensure beyond doubt a respectable class of proprietors; since at present a vast majority of the first applicants for shares in Joint-Stock Banks are precisely the persons who ought to be excluded, being parties who have generally little to lose, who are often unable to pay even the first instalment, and who join the concern with the intention only of speculating on the premium which may be expected on disposing of the scrip.

II. That no existing or future Joint-Stock Bank shall be permitted to have nominal shares of less value than £100, on each of which £50 sterling must be paid up; and that such shares shall in no event whatever be divisible into fractional parts, so as to admit of any partner having a less interest than £50 sterling. That this shall be the fixed minimum amount, leaving it to the parties themselves to increase the value of shares to any further extent they may deem expedient; but observing in the first instance the same proportion between paid-up and nominal capital.

No good objection it is supposed can be brought forward against such a provision as this; since it is obviously the interest of all parties, that banking business should be in the hands of a responsible class; and surely no one who cannot advance £50 should ever be admitted as partner into a bank. The immediate effect therefore of increasing the amount of shares, in conjunction with the obligation to pay up the whole, or a great part of the money, would be to exclude all such objectionable parties, and to distribute the shares of a Joint-Stock Bank among a class of persons more responsible, and better qualified, by superior intelligence and respectability, to be partners, who can contribute their assistance to the institution in times of pressure, and not leave such a task to a few of the more opulent shareholders.

III. There might be advantageously a limitation of the circulation of Joint-Stock Banks, in proportion to paid-up capital; an issue to an equal extent might perhaps be a safe limit, with an obligation to keep a deposit of one-fourth of the amount of such issue in gold and Bank of England notes. It is worthy of consideration, whether it would not be prudent to carry this restriction still farther, especially if the principle of limited liability be conceded, and to limit the issues to one-half, or at the utmost two-thirds of the advanced capital, with an obligation to keep a deposit of one-fourth of such issue in gold. This would always secure a respectable amount of paid-up capital, and give great additional security to the public. A restriction of this nature would also answer the objections of those who contend that security for the payment of notes should be left in the hands of government. The whole paper circulation of Scotland is estimated at £4,000,000, while the paid-up capital of three of the banks there alone amounts to £4,100,000.

IV. The question of limiting or not limiting the responsibility of a shareholder in a Joint-Stock Bank has given rise to frequent discussion, and both sides of the argument have found advocates of acknowledged ability. Under the existing system, any person becoming a partner in one of these associations is liable for its obligations to the last farthing of his fortune. This has done much harm, for it has been the means of deterring the more respectable and wealthy ranks of the community from joining these associations, and the great mass of banking business has consequently been thrown into the hands of a less responsible and much more speculative class, the very thing which ought to have been specially guarded against.

It is therefore proposed, as a part of the plan here submitted, to make the liability of shareholders in all Joint-Stock Banks extend to double the amount of their paid-up capital; and that all liability whatever shall

cease on the expiry of one year, after their names have been removed from the stamp-office registry."

Mr Smith submits another set of regulations which might be provided for in deeds of partnership, and into which we have not space to enter. We warmly recommend his sensible and judicious pamphlet to public attention.

#### DROLLERIES OF CAPTAIN GROSE.

##### SECOND ARTICLE.

*Galimaufry.* A hodgepodge made up of the remnants and scraps of the larder. [We suspect that the word is applied generally to a confused mixture of things. Its origin, with which Grose appears to have been unacquainted, is thus explained to us by a Parisian friend. In one of the provincial parliaments of France, by which law cases were heard and decided, a barrister was one day pleading in behalf of a person named Mathias, whose cock had suffered some injury from a neighbour. In his pleading, which was in Latin, he frequently came over the words Gallus Mathie, or (in the possessive case) Galli Mathie—the *th* in the latter word being of course pronounced as *t*. His speech thus took the appearance of a confused jargon—the judges declared they could not understand it—and the people from that time called any thing of a very confused nature Gallimati, which has been corrupted by us into Galimaufry.]

*Jack of Legs.* A tall long-legged man; also a giant, said to be buried in Weston church, near Baldock, in Hertfordshire, where there are two stones fourteen feet distant, said to be the head and feet stones of his grave. This giant, says Salmon, as fame goes, lived in a wood here, and was a great robber, but a generous one; for he plundered the rich to feed the poor: he frequently took bread for this purpose from the Baldock bakers, who, catching him at an advantage, put out his eyes, and afterwards hanged him upon a knoll in Baldock field. At his death he made one request, which was, that he might have his bow and arrow put into his hand, and, on shooting it off, where the arrow fell they would bury him, which being granted, the arrow fell in Weston churchyard. About seventy years ago, a very large thigh-bone was taken out of the church chest, where it had lain many years for a show, and was sold by the clerk to Sir John Tradescant, who, it is said, put it among the rarities of Oxford.

*Jack Robinson.* Before one could say Jack Robinson; a saying to express a very short time, originating from a very volatile gentleman of that appellation, who would call on his neighbours, and be gone before his name could be pronounced.

*Kemp's Morris.* William Kemp, said to have been the original Dogberry in "Much ado about Nothing," danced a morris from London to Norwich in nine days, of which he printed the account, A.D. 1600, entitled Kemp's Nine Days' Wonder, &c.

*Kemp's Shoes.* "Would I had Kemp's shoes to throw after you," Ben Jonson. Perhaps Kemp was a man remarkable for his good luck or fortune; throwing an old shoe, or shoes, after any one going on an important business, being by the vulgar deemed lucky.

*Ketch.* Jack Ketch; a general name for the finishers of the law, or hangmen, ever since the year 1682, when the office was filled by a famous practitioner of that name, of whom his wife said, "that any bungler might put a man to death, but only her husband knew how to make a gentleman die sweetly." This officer is mentioned in Butler's Ghost, page 54, published about the year 1682, in the following lines:—

Till Ketch observing he was chous'd,  
And in his profits much abus'd,  
In open hall the tribute damn'd,  
To do his office, or refund.

Mr Ketch had not long been elevated to his office, for the name of his predecessor Dun occurs in the former part of this poem, page 29:—

For you yourself to act acquire Dun,  
Such ignominy ne'er saw the sun.

The addition of "squire," with which Mr Dun is here dignified, is a mark that he had beheaded some state criminal for high treason; an operation which, according to custom for time out of mind, has always entitled the operator to that distinction. The predecessor of Dun was Gregory Brandon, from whom the gallows was called the Gregorian tree, by which name it is mentioned in the prologue to *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, a tragi-comedy acted at Paris, 1641:—

This trembles under the black rod, and he  
Doth fear his fate from the Gregorian tree.

Gregory Brandon succeeded Derriek [who was finisher of the law about 1608. See the play of the *Bellman of London*, where one of the characters says, "At the gallows where I leave them, as to the haven at which they must all cast anchor, if Derriek's cables do but hold."] King John's Men. He is one of King John's men, eight score to the hundred; a saying of a little under-sized man.

*Kittle Pitchering.* A jocular method of hobbling or bothering a troublesome teller of long stories: this is done by contradicting some very immaterial circumstance at the beginning of the narration, the objections to which being settled, others are immediately started to some new particular of like consequence; thus impeding, or rather not suffering him to enter into, the main story. Kittle pitchering is often practised in confederacy, one relieving the other, by which the design is rendered less obvious.

*Maccaroni.* An Italian paste made of flour and eggs.

\* Proposed Alterations in the System of Joint-Stock Banking, with a Defence of the Small-Note Currency of Scotland. In a Letter to the Right Honourable the Chancellor of the Exchequer. By John Fairfull Smith, Writer to the Signet. Edinburgh, Bell and Bradfute; Ridgway and Sons, London. 1839.

**Also a top**: which name arose from a club, called the Maccaroni Club, instituted by some of the most dressty travelled gentlemen about town, who led the fashions; whence a man foppishly dressed, was supposed a member of that club, and by contraction styled a Maccaroni.

**Martinet**. A military term for a strict disciplinarian; from the name of a French general, famous for restoring military discipline to the French army. He first disciplined the French infantry, and regulated their method of encampment: he was killed at the siege of Doesbourg in the year 1672.

**Pettifogger**. A little dirty attorney, ready to undertake any litigious or bad cause: it is derived from the French words *petit vogue*, of small credit, or little reputation.

**To Pommel**. To beat: originally confined to beating with the hilt of a sword; the knob being, from its similarity to a small apple, called *pomme*; in Spanish it is still called the apple of the sword. As the clenched fist likewise somewhat resembles an apple, perhaps that might occasion the term pommeling to be applied to fistuffs.

**Priscian**. To break Priscian's head; to write or speak false grammar. Priscian was a famous grammarian, who flourished at Constantinople in the year 525, and who was so devoted to his favourite study that to speak false Latin in his company was as disagreeable to him as to break his head.

**Sacheverel**. The iron door, or blower, to the mouth of a stove: from a divine of that name, who made himself famous for blowing the coals of dissension in the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne.

**Salmon-gundy**. Apples, onions, veal or chicken, and pickled herrings, minced fine, and eaten with oil and vinegar: some derive the name of this mess from the French words *selon mon goût*, because the proportions of the different ingredients are regulated by the palate of the maker; others say it bears the name of the inventor, who was a rich Dutch merchant: but the general and most probable opinion is, that it was invented by the Countess of Salmagundi, one of the ladies of Mary de Medicis, wife of King Henry IV. of France, and by her brought into France.

**Squelch**. A fall. Formerly a bailiff caught in a barrack-yard in Ireland was liable by custom to have three tosses in a blanket, and a squelch; the squelch was given by letting go the corners of the blanket, and suffering him to fall to the ground.

**Steenkirk**. A muslin neckcloth carelessly put on, from the manner in which the French officers wore their cravats when they returned from the battle of Steenkirk.

**Scelled Head**. A disorder to which horses are extremely liable, particularly those of the subalterns of the army. This disorder is generally occasioned by remaining too long in one livery-stable or inn, and often arises to that height that it prevents their coming out of the stable door. The most certain cure is the *unguentum aureum* [golden ointment]—not applied to the horse, but to the palm of the master of the inn or stable. N. B. Neither this disorder, nor its remedy, is mentioned by either Bracken, Bartlet, or any of the modern writers on farriery.

**Tartar**. To catch a Tartar; to attack one of superior strength or abilities. This saying originated from a story of an Irish soldier in the imperial service, who, in a battle against the Turks, called out to his comrade that he had caught a Tartar. "Bring him along then," said he. "He wont come," answered Paddy. "Then come along yourself," replied his comrade. "Arrah," cried he, "but he wont let me." A Tartar is also an adept at any feat or game; he is quite a Tartar at cricket, or billiards.

**Tawdry**. Gariish, gaudy with lace or staring and discordant colours: a term said to be derived from the shrine and altar of St Audrey (an isle of Ely saintess), which for finery exceeded all others thereabouts, so as to become proverbial; whence any fine-dressed man or woman was said to be all St Audrey, and by contraction all tawdry.

**Tailor**. Nine tailors make a man; an ancient and common saying, originating from the effeminacy of their employment; or, as some have it, from nine tailors having been robbed by one man; according to others, from the speech of a woollen-draper, meaning that the custom of nine tailors would make or enrich one man. A London tailor, rated to furnish half a man to the trained bands, asking how that could possibly be done, was answered, by sending four journeymen and an apprentice.

**Termagant**. An outrageous scold: from Termagantes, a cruel pagan, formerly represented in divers shows and entertainments, where, being dressed à la Turque, in long clothes, he was mistaken for a furious woman.

**Thomond**. Like Lord Thomond's cocks, all on one side. Lord Thomond's cock feeder, an Irishman, being entrusted with some cocks which were matched for a considerable sum, the night before the battle shut them all together in one room, concluding that, as they were all on the same side, they would not disagree: the consequence was, they were most of them either killed or lamed before the morning.

**Toad Eater**. A poor female relation, an humble companion, or reduced gentlewoman, in a great family, the standing butt, on whom all kinds of practical jokes are played off, and all ill humours are vented. This appellation is derived from a mountebank's servant, on whom all experiments used to be made in public by the doctor, his master; among which was the eating of

toads, formerly supposed poisonous. Swallowing toads is here figuratively meant for swallowing or putting up with insults, as disagreeable to a person of feeling, as toads to the stomach.

**Travelling Piquet**. A mode of amusing themselves, practised by two persons riding in a carriage, each reckoning towards his game the persons or animals that pass by on the side next them, according to the following estimation:—

A person riding a grey horse, with blue furniture; game.  
An old woman under a hedge; ditto.  
A cat looking out of a window; 60.  
A man, woman, and child, in a buggy; 40.  
A man with a woman behind him; 30.  
A flock of sheep; 20.  
A flock of geese; 10.  
A post-chaise; 5.  
A horseman; 2.  
A man or woman walking; 1.

**Velvet**. To the little gentleman in velvet, that is, the mole that threw up the hill that caused Crop (King William's horse) to stumble; a toast frequently drunk by the Tories and Catholics in Ireland. [It will seem strange that Tories and Catholics should thus be classed together. The explanation is, that the Tories were originally an Irish royalist Catholic party of the time of the Commonwealth.]

**Waits**. Musicians of the lower order, who in most towns play under the windows of the chief inhabitants at midnight, a short time before Christmas, for which they collect a Christmas-box from house to house. They are said to derive their name of waits from being always in waiting to celebrate weddings, and other joyous events happening within their district.

**Wooden Horse**. To ride the wooden horse, was a military punishment formerly in use. This horse consisted of two or more planks about eight feet long, fixed together so as to form a sharp ridge or angle, which answered to the body of the horse. It was supported by four posts, about six feet long, for legs. A head, neck, and tail, rudely cut in wood, were added, which completed the appearance of a horse. On this sharp ridge delinquents were mounted, with their hands tied behind them; and to steady them, as it was said, and lest the horse should kick them off, one or more firelocks were tied to each leg. In this situation they were sometimes condemned to sit an hour or two; but at length it having been found to injure the soldiers materially, and sometimes to rupture them, it was left off about the time of the accession of King George I. A wooden horse was standing in the Parade at Portsmouth as late as the year 1750.

#### ABSENT FRIENDS.

AIR.—"The Peacock."

The night has flown wif' songs and glee,  
The minutes hae like moments been—  
There's friendship's spark in lika ee,  
And peace has blest the happy scene.  
But while we sit sae social here,  
And think sic friends we never saw,  
Let's not forget, for them that's near,  
The mony mae that's far awa.

Oh, far beyond th' Atlantic's roar,  
Far, far beyond th' Australian main,  
How many fortune's ways explore,  
That we may never meet again!  
How many ance sat by our side,  
Or danced beside us in the ha',  
Wha wander now the world sae wide—  
Let's think on them that's far awa.

There's no a mother but has seen,  
Through tears, her manly laddies gae;  
There's no a lass but thinks o' aye  
Whase absence makes her aften wae;  
The ingle sides o'er a' the land,  
They now are drow and dowie a',  
For some aye o' the social band  
Has left them, and is far awa.

They've left us—but, where'er they be,  
They ne'er forget their native shore;  
Auld Scotland, mountain, glen, and lea,  
They hae it pictured at the core;  
E'en now, when we remember them  
Our memory they perhaps reas',  
And while we fondly breathe their name,  
They whisper ours, though far awa.

January 1830.

R. C.

#### SHOWERS OF FROGS.

A shower of fishes has ceased to be a phenomenon, but a descent of living frogs from the clouds is rather a formidable dispensation. Such has taken place, however, more than once in France, as the following extract from "L'Institut, 166," attests:—

Several notices have lately been brought before the French Academy, of showers of frogs having fallen at different times in different parts of France. Professor Pontus, of Cahors, states, that in the month of August 1804, while distant three leagues from Toulouse, the sky being clear, suddenly a very thick cloud covered the horizon, and thunder and lightning came on. The cloud burst over the road about sixty toises (333 feet) from the place where M. Pontus was. Two gentlemen returning from Toulouse were surprised by being exposed not only to a storm, but to a shower of frogs. Pontus states that he saw the young frogs on their cloaks. When the diligence in which he was travelling arrived at the place where the storm burst, the road, and the fields alongside of it, were observed full of frogs, which equalled in bulk

from one to two cubic inches, and consisted of three or four layers placed one above the other. The feet of the horses and the wheels of the carriage killed thousands. The diligence travelled for a quarter of an hour at least along this living road, the horses being at a trot.

#### SHOWER OF INSECTS.

In one of the numbers of the "Journal de St Petersburg" we find the following interesting account of the fall of a shower of insects during a snow-storm in Russia:—

On the 17th of October 1827, there fell in the district of Rjev (in the government of Twer), a heavy shower of snow in the space of about ten versts (nearly seven English miles), which contained the village of Pakroff and its environs. It was accompanied in its fall by a prodigious quantity of worms of a black colour, ringed, and in length three quarters of a werschok.\* The head of these insects was flat and shining, furnished with antennae, and the hair in the form of whiskers, while the body, from the head to about one-third of their length, resembled a band of black velvet. They had on each side three feet, by means of which they appeared to crawl very fast upon the snow, and assembled in groups about the plants, and the holes in trees and buildings. Several having been exposed to the air in a vessel filled with snow, lived there till the 26th of October, although in that interval the thermometer had fallen 8 degrees below zero. Some others which had been frozen continued equally long in life, for they were not found exactly encrusted with the ice, but they had formed round their bodies a space similar to the hollow of a tree. When they were plunged into water, they swam about as if they had received no injury, but those which were carried into a warm place perished in a few minutes.

#### A HINT TO TEA-DRINKERS.

The invaluable beverage, tea, sometimes produces injurious effects, more particularly green tea; and this arises from its containing a considerable quantity of free gallic acid. The fact may be rendered evident by adding to an infusion of the leaves a few drops of a solution of green copperas, which will turn the liquid black. This acid is a powerful astringent, and in peculiar habits is productive of much inconvenience. To prevent any evil effects, a few grains of carbonate of soda, mixed with the tea, will be found an infallible specific. The acid and alkali by their union form a neutral salt of mild but effective virtues. The quantity of acid contained in tea may be fairly estimated by noticing the effervescence which occurs when carbonate of soda is added to the infusion. The deep colour of the latter is greatly increased by the alkali, and its taste is not only uninjured by it, but some think actually improved.

\* A Russian werschok is equal to one inch and three quarters of English measure.

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